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The mysterious Girl











She sits in the back of class i don't get it she wears a hood over her head everyday and refuses to take it off she has a secrete i wanna find out but i don't have time to get to know her not with my jerk friends who always dare me to do things and make me do things i don't wanna do sometimes. Its last period for school today its Wednesday i'm gonna promise myself that tomorrow i'm gonna talk to her get to know her maybe she will talk to me.

"HEY JACE GET OVER HERE!" shouted my friend Eric

"oh coming"

"you take forever also i saw you looking at the girl in the back of the class what are you thinking in your little head"

"nothing just i want to get to know her a little because shes really mysterious you know what i mean Eric.

"ya i guess... but..hmmm"

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"yes way you will" "nooo please"

"you cant turn down a dare jace"

"alright"

Chapter 2 by Dave W.



Jace thought back to something, anything, that would make him feel remotely confident. 30 seconds of a rap song he heard on the bus, broken mirrors, when he played a jace in a magic the gathering card game and everyone understood he needed to be respected bc a jace expensive. Jace realized the things he was thinking to be confident sounded lame in the context of hypermasculine sexuality and felt worse about himself.

w.e./whatever thought jace, I'm worth this person's time, I'm valid, I'm good, etc. the internal validations went on and on until it became like an almost silent cooling fan on a high end self-hatred-computer.

Jace laid on his bed, looking at the ceiling.

"Fuck" says Jace.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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